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CHARADES, RIDDLES,
CONUNDRUMS,
OLD AND NEW.

PRINTED FOR THE "BAZAAR," IN AID OF THE
CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

ST. LOUIS:
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1878.

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Miss ANNIE WALL AND Miss JENNY GLOVER,

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CONUNDRUMS.

1. When does English butter become Irish ?
2. When is a loaf of bread inhabited ?
3. Why is a bald-headed man like a hunting-dog ?
4. What animals are in the clouds ?
5. How do seamstresses resemble rascals ?
6. Why should free seats at church be abolished ?
7. Why is a dead Irishman like a ship at sea ?
8. Why does the ocean get angry ?
9. Why are washerwomen unfeeling ?
10. When is love deformed ?
11. Why did not Louis Philippe take his umbrella when he left Paris ?
12. When is the wind like a wood-cutter ?
13. Why is a prudent man like a pin ?

14. If you were to swallow a man, what sort of man would you prefer?
15. What was Pharaoh's chief objection to Moses?
16. Why may a dyspeptic hope for a long life?
17. Plant a puppy, and what will come up?
18. What remedy does an Irishman take for a scolding wife?
19. What rose is born to blush unseen?
20. Who first embraced ritualism?
21. How do we know that Moses wore a wig?
22. Why did the man who bought a dumb-waiter return it next day?
23. Why can't I spell Cupid?
24. What is the brightest idea of the day?
25. How does Patrick propose to get over his single blessedness?
26. Why couldn't Napoleon III. assure his life?
27. Why are sidewalks in winter like music?
28. Why couldn't Eve have the measles?
29. Why is the present moment like skim-milk?

30. When was beef-tea introduced into England?
31. Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn?
32. Why ought Adam to have been satisfied with his wife?
33. What constitutes a weighty discourse?
34. Why are Rochefort and his companions like a salad?
35. If Neptune lost his dominions, what would he say?
36. What is the difference between the North and South Poles?
37. When does a cook break the game-laws?
38. What is the best way to double a flock of sheep?
39. What girl does Echo think is the best to give questions their answer?
40. What is an old lady in the midst of the river like?
41. What lady of the Dante family is oftenest spoken of?
42. Of what trade is the sun?
43. Why is an onion like a piano?
44. Why is a widower like a potato-vine?
45. Why should cross children be named Mary?
46. Why is the theater like the day of sorrow?

47. Why is a small melon like the cry of suffering?
48. Why is the soul insignificant?
49. Why are New Bedford seamen like mourners?
50. Why is Benjamin Butler like an inquisitive boy?
51. Why is a lover like a whale?
52. To what department of literature do *billets-doux* belong?
53. Why is a lovely woman like ambition?
54. Why is a parson making love like a legation?
55. Why is a hard-hearted man like the horizon?
56. Why is a tender parting like a great fuss?
57. Why are the Muses like a cat?
58. When you cane a man, why do you cheat him?
59. Why is a fool's smart wife like a tailor?
60. What kind of luck is most various?
61. Why should a chimney-sweep succeed in love?
62. Why is a file of cows like a famous conspirator?
63. How can you make Gladstone a Tory?
64. When is charity like a top?

65. Why is a quiet conscience like an uninclosed field?
66. Why must Noah have been a poor mouser?
67. When are the little birds in debt?
68. Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship?
69. In what color should a secret be kept?
70. My first is a kind of *batter*, my second a kind of *liquor*, my whole a kind of *charger*.
71. How can you make a Maltese cross?
72. In my first my second sat; my third and fourth I ate.
73. My first is what my second is not, my whole is put in the corner.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

My *first* is a nobleman's title, I ween,
And the season when loveliness brightest appears ;
My *second*, when mad, is a young rattle-pate,
Whom very few love, and still fewer can hate ;
My *whole* is a friend to old men and fair girls,
To keep their heads warm, or preserve their soft curls.

CHARADE II.

An old king of England, with violence treated,
Endangered the weal of his soul ;
To atone for my *second*, my *first* he repeated
Full nine times a day on my *whole*.

CHARADE III.

My *first* springs in the mountains,
My *second* springs out of the mountains,
My *whole* springs over the mountains.

My *first* runs up the trees,
My *second* runs past the trees,
My *whole* spreads over the trees.

My *first* has no drops, unless it drops down ;
My *second* is full of drops, all invisible ;
My *whole* abounds in drops, separate and visible.

My *first* grows shorter and weaker as it grows older ;
My *second* grows longer and stronger as it grows older ;
My *whole* is born and dies every year, and never grows any older.

To catch my *first*, men march after it ;
To imprison my *second*, men make a machine in front of it ;
To capture my *whole*, men take a march before it.

CHARADE IV.

Brightly, brightly beautiful, my *first* sweeps through the sky,
An image of beauty, transcendently fair, as it gazeth from on high ;
Queenly she walks on the stage, in the pomp of pride and power,
And the sparkle of diamonds lighteth round the goddess of an hour.

Come into royal halls, my *second* will meet you there ;
And there, with the noble, great, and proud, his hopes and ambitions
are ;

Or act on the field of fame, where marshalled armies stand,
And the voices of trumpet and drum startle a listening land.

Far from his native scenes, the places he loved the best,
My *whole* has traced the sunset gleams to the golden gates of the
West.

Freighted with calmest trust, his barque did the surges brave,
And with angels who cherish the true and just, he has passed over
Jordan's wave.

CHARADE V.

Where nimble-footed dancers bound,
There my *first* is ever found.
Is it, then, a lady? No!
Though it always has a beau.
When young ideas are taught to shoot,
When invalids progress on foot,
Then you see my *second* still
Used for good, or used for ill.
Without my *whole* no master durst
Attempt to practice on my *first*.

CHARADE VI.

My *first* all travelers wish to find,
And office-seekers wish to be;
My *second* lives but in the mind;
It is the soul of poetry;
My *whole* is where we all have been,
And where we ne'er shall be again.

CHARADE VII.

My *first* is what all true men love ;
My *second* oft that love doth prove ;
My *third* at evening meal we do ;
Some like my *fourth* at that time, too.
My *whole* doth mighty states divide,
And on it thousands daily glide.

CHARADE VIII.

My *first* is where we "take our ease,"
And oft "our warmest welcome" find ;
My *second* doth not ease bestow,
Nor there we seek a welcome kind ;
My *whole* long since hath passed from earth.
In life a sovereign rich and great,
His wealth, also, his ruin wrought ;
He sank beneath a piteous fate.

A. W.

CHARADE IX.

My *first* is but a little word,
Yet very hard to say ;
The lover hears with broken heart,
And sadly turns away.

“ Like sweet bells jangled out of tune,”
Or rose bereft of sweet perfume,
Such is the mind when reason’s gone,
And light and hope and memory flown.

Through forest dark, or trackless waste,
My *whole* doth idly wander ;
The aim or purpose of his life
He never stops to ponder.

C. C. E.

CHARADE X.

My *first*, you see, is a gallant nag,
On which you're swiftly borne ;
Yet it another aspect wears,
In which it bears the corn.

My *second* daily woven fair,
At night unwoven still,
Speaks to us yet of woman's love —
Speaks, too, of woman's will.

My *whole* good housewives dread to see,
And grasp their brooms with haste,
As if, like witches, they would mount,
And sweep the airy waste.

A. W.

CHARADE XI.

My *first* about our heated brows
Bids cooling breezes play ;
Or, in the hand of Spanish maid,
Says more than tongue can say.

In waves in sheen of silk and pearl,
It waves when beauty calls ;
In hues that tell of far Japan
'Tis creeping up our walls.

My *second* is a simple name,
But, if the chance should come
By which you double it, how queer,
The man becomes a drum.

My *whole* is a something vague and strong,
A creature light as air ;
'Tis dreadful, as was Cæsar's ghost—
Like the "White Lady" fair.

A W.

CHARADE XII.

My *first*, an ancient Saxon word,
In modern parlance still is heard ;
A verb, protean in its changes,
As through its various forms it ranges ;
Vext by fell doubt and indecision
And haunted by the ghostly vision,
Hamlet, impelled by cruel fates,
Its meaning weighs, and hesitates.

In torrid zones my *second* 's found,
Where branching trees grow thick around ;
Or in the orchards of the North
From trunk and stem it gushes forth.
Some plants there be whose bark is riven
With many a wound and deep incision,
To wrest from Nature what she stores,
Concealed within the hidden pores.

My *whole* 's a lady dark in hue,
Of royal race, blood bluest blue ;
With jewels decked, in rich attire,
To gain her love let few aspire.
Reclining on her couch she rests,
Submissive slaves wait her behests.
In small domain complete her sway :
None her commands dare disobey.

C. C. E.

CHARADE XIII.

Go where the tall ships pass,
Where the wild waves, in mass,
Rush on bursting with light ;
There, in that broad expanse,
Where no shore meets the glance,
My *first* is ever in sight.

When the snow has gone from the mountains,
The ice disappeared from the fountains

Whence pure waters flow,
When flowers are sweetest and rarest,
And skies are bluest and fairest,
My next you may know.

Then measure off time with exactness,
With nicest skill and compactness

Let it rest on my *whole*;
And while that remains unbroken,
Each moment will give you a token
That the hours continue to roll.

CHARADE XIV.

My *first* is a god of ancient days,
A god whom all delight to praise —
He had such innocent, kindly ways.

My *next* of various kinds is seen,
Sometimes rich and sometimes mean ;
My *first* its mould has often been.

My *whole* is loved by old and young,
A pleasant morsel for the tongue ;
It has a special day among

The days the Church has set apart
As sacred to the soul or heart ;
To make it is a simple art.

CHARADE XV.

A bark from Tagus' golden strand,
My *first* floats on the stream ;
Go seek it where the Emerald land
Smiles with her brightest gleam.

My *second* through my *first* pursues,
By turns, its winding way ;
And when descends the twilight dews,
And Bacchus bears the sway.

My *whole* the imprisoned spirit frees,
Whilst loud the jest and song
Are borne upon the evening breeze
In joyous notes along.

W. W. S.

CHARADE XVI.

My *first* is something very small —
One would not see nor hear it fall ;
Divide all day, divide all night,
You cannot reach so small a mite ;
Yet it is matter, that's conclusive,
Of nature and of form elusive.

In vast infinity suspended
My *second* waits till time be ended ;
In motion slow it turns around
In rhythmic measure, without sound.
Wouldst thou know more, then I prefer
To Brother Jasper to refer.
My *third* moves swiftly hour by hour,
Obedient to a secret power,
Waiting for no man. See it go
Into the Bay of Biscay, O !
Resistless round the world doth roll,
Yet owning still a strict control.
One day there is among a few,
Sacred to Christian and to Jew ;
Leviticus and Acts will show
Whatever thou may's't care to know.
In reading them full plain is made
The meaning of my *whole* Charade.

C. C. E.

CHARADE XVII.

“My *first* is fairest when ’tis budding new,”
So says Sir Walter. Who shall him gainsay ?
Strange that a thing so frail and fair should be
An emblem once of battle and affray.
A floral queen, in all her varied charms,
A Pilgrim lady, who, in years gone by,
Where the waves beat upon New England’s shore,
Came with her soldier-husband there to die.
My *second* is a Jewish maiden fair —
Tender and pure is she from earthly stain ;
A splendid queen, whose sorrows move us still,
Whose charms, in spite of crimes, our love constrain.
Again, a queen whose name, of omen dread,
Fills us with horror for her people’s woe.
“Here is my *whole* !” the sad Ophelia cries,
“Here for remembrance !” and its name you know.

A. W.

CHARADE XVIII.

My *first* is found by German streams,
On golden harp he plays ;
'Neath moonlight soft, and starry skies,
He sings his plaintive lays.
My *second* tosses on the main,
Where England's navies sweep ;
He laughs to hear the billows roar,
His home is on the deep.
When Jove received immortal guests
At his Olympian board,
They wreathed with deathless flowers the cup
In which my *whole* was poured.
The song and merry jest went round,
Celestial laughter rang ;
My *whole* was sparkling as their wit —
Sweet as the songs they sang.

A. W.

CHARADE XIX.

My *first* fills many an office good,
Where Islam's votaries bear sway,
Best known to us from stories told
Of what befel in Haroun's day,
When that great Caliph ruled the East ;
And, walking Bagdad's streets by night,
Brought many a crime of monstrous shape,
And many a mirthful plot, to light.

My *second* sits 'neath Egypt's sky,
By the mysterious floods of Nile,
In silence wrapped, save when his lips
Are touched to music by his mother's smile.
The sun and stars above him brightly move,
About his feet the desert-sands are blown ;
Noiseless the centuries flit by, and he,
Still musing, sits upon his ancient throne.

Son of the morning, thou art sad and lone,
A youthful warrior thou in by-gone years ;
Thou wak'st to life when, in the whitening east,
Each day the rosy-fingered dawn appears.

My *whole*, the king of men, who led the hosts
Of all his nation to the distant strife,
Whom stricken field and tossing ocean spared,
To fall, the victim of a faithless wife.
His city is a heap of ruins now,
Of his proud palace but the gates remain,
But daring hands have oped his secret tomb —
We gaze to-day upon his form again.

A. W.

CHARADE XX.

My *first*, a gem of priceless worth,
Possessed by all who dwell on earth ;
A magic mirror, finely wrought,
Reflects the wearer's inward thought.
A pronoun, too, of such immensity,
It hides all things by its intensity.
My *second* everywhere is found,
In palace, cot, upon the ground ;
'Tis dumb and blind, and without motion ;
It walks and talks — causes commotion,
Pun and jollity, sometimes grief,
In richest dress, or tatters brief.
In heathen and in Christian lands,
My *whole* your strongest love demands.
Go stand before your mirror fair —
You'll find your own reflected there.

M. A. R.

CHARADE XXI.

Wherever thou goest, to East or to West,
Be sure that thou of my *first* art possessed,
Or else it shall chance, when setteth the sun,
Thy travels shall end when they scarce have begun.

In the country my *second* most often is found,
Descending far down in the depths of the ground.
Lo! poets have sung it, and we, too, would fain
Our affection express in melodious strain.

My *whole* is a word that, to those that we love,
We utter with sorrow and grief;
But in leaving dull people, dull scenes, or dull books,
'Tis breathed with a sigh of relief.

C. C. E.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

THIRTEEN BURIED FLOWERS.

High upon a dais
Young Arabella sat;
Her romantic lover
Reclined upon a mat.
Is it Hymen's altar
That they converse about?
Where the torch is ready lighted,
To show their wedding route.
Ah! no! They are debating
About her hat and feather —
Few, she thinks, of roseate hue
Can stand all kinds of weather.
“Then let it be of blue, Bell,
With crown turned up in knots;

Feathers 'neath the turned-up rim,
Roses about in spots."
"Of all things under the sun,
Flowers are the most desired
To bring the slope on your crown
To the height by fashion required."
"Ah, my tasteful Aurelius,
Thy wish I will obey,
And call around at Stewart's
And order one to-day."

M. O. K.

RIDDLES.

RIDDLE I.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first ;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.
My body he did make complete,
Yet without legs, or arms, or feet.
My ways and actions did control,
And I was made without a soul.
A living being I became —
'Twas Adam gave to me my name ;
Then from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew.
My Maker's laws I did obey,
From them I never went astray ;

Thousands of miles I run a year,
Yet never on the earth appear.
Some merit God in me did see,
And put a living soul in me.
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again ;
And when from me that soul had fled.
I was the same as when first made ;
And without soul, or hands, or feet,
From pole to pole I journey fleet ;
I labor hard both day and night.
To fallen men I give more light,
Thousands of people, young and old,
Will at my death great light behold.
No fear of death doth trouble me,
For future life I cannot see ;
To heavenly rest I shall not go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below ;

The Scriptures I cannot believe ;
Although therein my name is found,
They are to me an empty sound.
And now, my friends, these lines you read,
Search, then, the Scriptures with all speed,
And if my name you find not there,
'Twill be most strange, I do declare.

RIDDLE II.

My *positive* first, 'tis a weapon of war,
But it isn't the *war*-god alone who bears it;
It flutters and waves in a lady's hat,
And fastens the curls 'mid which she wears it;
Brightly it shines when tempests part —
Emblem of peace after passing storm —
And sometimes it shines, and sometimes not,
When we meet with it in its human form.

Now my *comparative*, hunt for it well ;

'Tis a creature that gaily was hunted of yore ;

'Tis the symbol of all that is dreadful in man —

Far worse than the creature we spoke of before.

My *superlative* now, if you've found out the rest,

You may *do it*, and then will the whole be guessed.

A. W.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

FIFTEEN BURIED ANIMALS.

At the door of a monastery stands a Jewish rabbi, talking to one of the monks. The monk eyes him with a scowl, and both are seemingly a little unfriendly. The rabbi begs for admission, which the monk thinks will be a risky thing to allow, and would rather not. "But, do get permission," says the rabbi, "or, at least, get me some water in that pan there, that I may wash; or send me a cape to throw over me, and, after a nap, I go on my way, sorry that I came looking to such a house for hospitality. It will be a very hard thing to do, in my weariness, but I will not ask unkind people to grant me further favors. You won't catch me here again." M. O. K.

WILLIAM'S MISHAP.

TWENTY BURIED BIRDS.

One lovely night, in Galena, William, returning from a hunt, fell on the turf in changing horses. His gun, half-cocked, was wrenched from his hand, and he ducked his head and felt his heart throb in his breast as the ball whizzed by him. His horse ran off; and, having sprained his ankle, he lay gazing about him. He saw the evening star lingering in the heavens, with here and there a gleam from the moon. He heard a cow lowing near him, and, not far off, pigs wallowing in the mire; and, what was pleasanter still, he heard a dove coo to his mate. But dismal thoughts crowded his brain, nor could anything rouse him from his despair—a singular kind of state for a sensible man to fall into. Day dawned at last, and he drew himself up so that he could scan a rye-field near by; and, to his joy, beheld his dog Bob, a link between himself and home, coming towards him, with rushing, head-long bounds. Then what should

befall—contrary to his hopes—but that Dick, his brother, should come along. “Oh, Dick!” he cried, “you and Bob my fears dispel; I can cope with my troubles more easily now, and will make an effort to reach home.”

M. O. K.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

1. When made into little *Pats*.
2. When there's a little *Indian* in it.
3. He makes a little *hare* go a great way.
4. The *rain*, dear!
5. They cut and run.
6. They make people good for nothing.
7. He leaves a *wake* behind him.
8. It is so often crossed.
9. They wring men's bosoms.
10. When it is all on one side.
11. When *he left*, the *reign* was over.
12. When it chops.
13. His head keeps him from going too far.
14. A little London porter.

15. That he was more plague than *prophet*.
16. He can't digest (*die jest*) now.
17. Dog would.
18. He takes an elixir (he licks her).
19. *Negroes*.
20. Eve; at first she was Eve-angelical, and then she took to vestments.
21. He was sometimes seen with Aaron (hair on) and sometimes without.
22. It didn't answer.
23. When I come to *C U*, I can't get any farther.
24. *Your* eye, dear.
25. He proposes to Bridge-it.
26. No one could make out his policy.
27. If you don't *C* sharp, you'll *B* flat.
28. She'd Adam (had 'em).
29. It's scum (It's come).
30. When Henry VIII. dissolved the Pope's Bull.

31. It is one of the great composers of modern times.
32. She was cut out on purpose for him.
33. First to an-ounce a text, and then to ex-pound it.
34. They are exiled (eggs-iled).
35. I haven't a notion (an ocean).
36. All the difference in the world.
37. When she poaches eggs.
38. To fold them.
39. Ann, sir!
40. Like to be drowned.
41. Ann-Dante.
42. A tanner.
43. It's melodious (it smell odious).
44. His better-half is under ground.
45. To mollify them.
46. It rises in tiers.
47. It makes a good man-go.
48. It's no-body.

49. They go *a-wailing*.
50. He always has a queer-eye (query).
51. He is a *sea-creeter* of great *size*.
52. To *belles-lettres*.
53. She steals (steels) the heart.
54. The *minister* and his *suite*.
55. He is never touched.
56. It is an immense *ado* (adieu).
57. They have nine lives.
58. You *bamboozle* him.
59. She manages a *goose*.
60. Pot-luck.
61. He is sure to get *sooted*.
62. It's a cattle line (Catiline).
63. Turn him round till he is *Dizzy*.
64. When it begins to *hum*.
65. It's void of *offence*.
66. He sailed about for forty days and nights before he came on
Ararat.

- 67. When their little bills are all over *dew*.
- 68. It's a little fore'ard of the main hatch.
- 69. In *violet* (inviolable).
- 70. Ram-rod.
- 71. Pull its tail.
- 72. In-sat-i-ate.
- 73. What-not.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Night-cap. | 11. Fan-Tom (Phantom). |
| 2. Ave-rage. | 12. Be-gum. |
| 3. Ape-rill. | 13. Main-spring. |
| 4. Star-King. | 14. Pan-cake. |
| 5. Fiddle-stick. | 15. Cork-screw. |
| 6. Inn-fancy. | 16. Whit-sun-tide. |
| 7. Mis-sis-sip-pi. | 17. Rose-Mary. |
| 8. Inn-car (Incar). | 18. Neck-tar. |
| 9. No-mad. | 19. Aga-memnon. |
| 10. Cob-web. | 20. Eye-doll (Idol). |

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

1. A Whale.
2. Bow, beau (positive).
Boar, bore (comparative).
Boast (superlative).

BURIED FLOWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------|-------------|
| 1. Daisy. | 6. Rose. | 11. Peony. |
| 2. Clover. | 7. Bluebell. | 12. Laurel. |
| 3. Thyme. | 8. Pink. | 13. Calla. |
| 4. Orchis. | 9. Primrose. | |
| 5. Featherfew (vulgar). | 10. Sunflower. | |

BURIED ANIMALS.

1. Rabbit.
2. Monkey.
3. Owl.
4. Hare.
5. Bear.

6. Rat.
7. Dog.
8. Panther.
9. Horse.
10. Ape.

11. Pig.
12. Camel.
13. Beaver.
14. Skunk.
15. Cat.

BURIED BIRDS.

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. Nightingale. | 8. Eagle. | 15. Canary. |
| 2. Finch. | 9. Swallow. | 16. Bob-a-link. |
| 3. Cock. | 10. Coot. | 17. Thrush. |
| 4. Wren. | 11. Crow. | 18. Falcon. |
| 5. Duck. | 12. Grouse. | 19. Pelican. |
| 6. Robin. | 13. Lark. | 20. Pewit. |
| 7. Starling. | 14. Daw. | |

RESISTING AN OFFICER.

One of our Franklin Avenue policemen, who had offered his hand to a young lady and been refused, arrested and took her to the station-house. "What is the charge against this woman?" asked the captain. "Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply. No one can resist an offer made by the "Famous" when you are looking for a suit of clothes for your little boy, or a pair of shoes for yourself.

705 and 707 Franklin Avenue.

A prominent lawyer, who made it a rule to appeal all cases which were decided against him, became a widower. After a brief period he began to show signs of being in the "*vealy*" state. Being met one day by an acquaintance, he was chaffed a little by being told he was courting again. "Not exactly; I am only moving for a new trial." Make anew trial at the "Famous" Boys' Department, of a *suit*. You will surely win.

705 and 707 Franklin Avenue.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN
OF THE
ST. LOUIS ART SOCIETY,
GRANITE BUILDING,
Cor. Fourth and Market Streets.

Lessons given in Drawing, Oil, Porcelain, and Water-Color
Painting, Wood Carving, and Kensington Embroidery.

Especial attention is paid to getting orders for pupils who do good
work.

about

WEDDING AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

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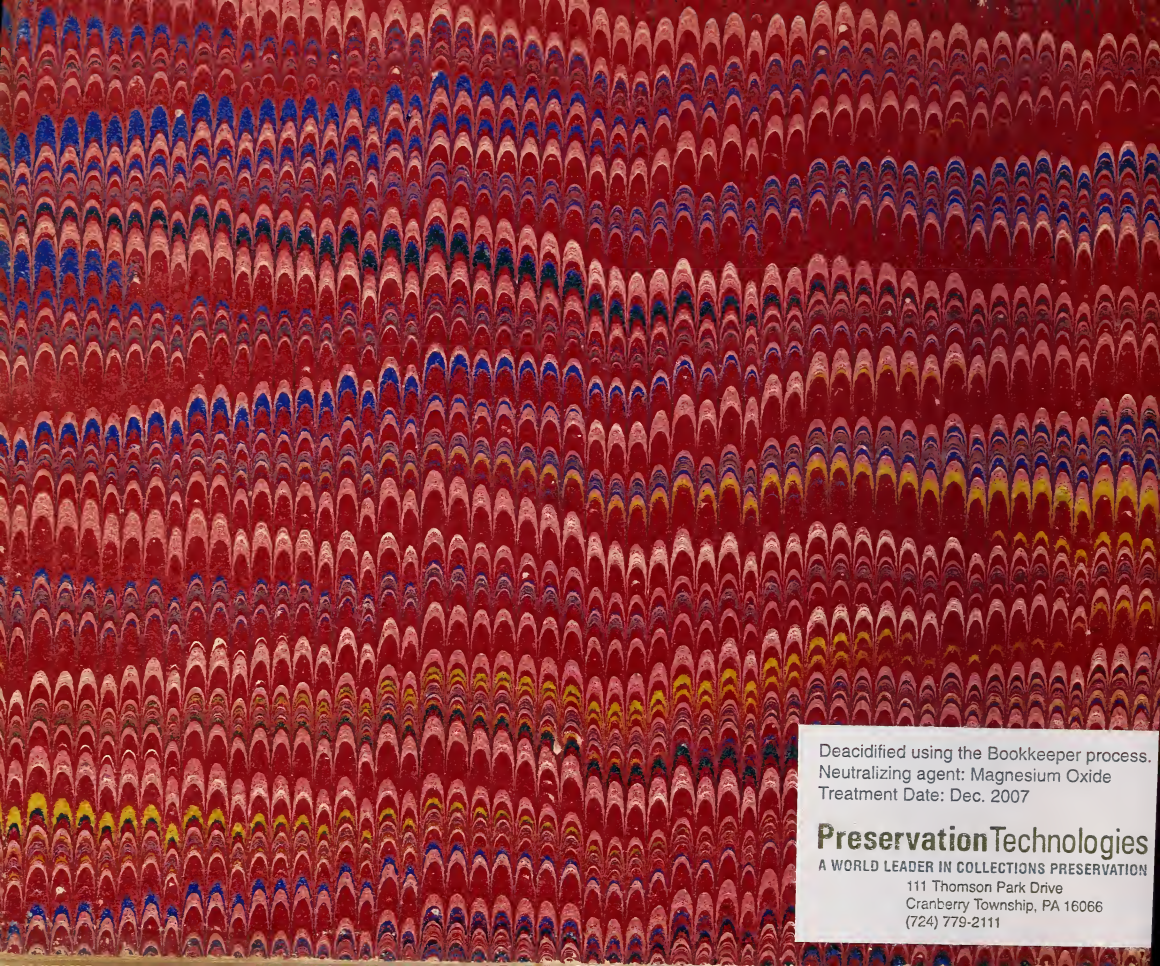
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